

## ZION'S HERALD.

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BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

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Down the long years he sped, have brushed  
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From out my following sight.

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They have all vanished in the ebb of years,  
And left me reft and naught.

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Yet, looking back upon the fabled gold,  
How small, indeed, appear to me to-day  
The fragments that I hold.

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Those realms Elysian, flowers ever fair—  
Too sweet, they faded as day lies drop—  
At night their petals rare.

But other blossoms, though the lilies fall,  
Open beside my way—Love's heliotrope,  
The soft forget-me-not of Faith, the asphodel  
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And best and fairest of them all, appears  
With mild, sweet flower that every angel  
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The dewy lustre, the unfading flush,  
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So compensations wait us everywhere  
Within the rugged path or valley low,  
And angels whisper, and heaven's song  
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Above us, as we go.

And so no more I sigh o'er vanished dreams;  
Like song-birds mounting to the distant  
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They went before me to the shining strand,  
And I shall follow by and by.  
Methuen, Mass.

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A white little hand had just brushed up the ashes, and drawn a great leather-covered chair on to the hearth-rug.

Three young girls—one of the house and two guests—seated themselves on low stools, making a beautiful picture in the light.

"Come, grandpa, come!" cried the old man, feet half playful, half pettishly. "Your old tramp is fed and settled for the night; now fulfill your promise of a story.

"Why is it, that we have to take care of all these beggars and stragglers? Captain Wilkes won't let one of them on to his premises; and the other neighbors only let them into their barns," she added, as the grand old man took his seat at the fire.

"Be merciful, child," he said, "be merciful. All wanderers are not incorrigible or thieves. Circumstances may force a decent man or woman out into the world penniless and homeless; and we—"

"I don't believe a word of it!" cried the spoiled little beauty; "but we'll forgive you, if you'll tell us a story now."

"What shall I tell you? I never went to sea, I was not in the war, and—"

"Oh, tell us 'When I was a boy,' I don't know anything of my ancestors," said Bell. "I once asked my father about them, and he said you couldn't remember either father or mother."

"He was right, child, and perhaps the very best story I can tell a hard-hearted little girl to-night, will be that of my introduction to this house."

"Wasn't you born here, grandpa?"

"No, my child."

"Where were you born?"

"In Boston, I've been told."

"Been told?" cried Bell. "Don't you know where you were born?"

"No, no more than you know where you were born."

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"What shall I tell you? I never went to sea, I was not in the war, and—"

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"He was right, child, and perhaps the very best story I can tell a hard-hearted little girl to-night, will be that of my introduction to this house."

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"Where were you born?"

"In Boston, I've been told."

"Been told?" cried Bell. "Don't you know where you were born?"

"No, no more than you know where you were born."

But I do know! I was born in this very house."

"How do you know?"

"I've always told so."

"Oh yes; and so have I been told that I was born at the old North End—then a respectable locality—of Boston."

"Dr. Bruce owned this great farm, and had an extensive country practice in this region. He had no children, and lived here with his wife, a Yankee girl named Hepzibah, a maid, and a stable boy we called in sport Flap-Jack, his real name being John (or Jack) Flack.

"The farmer on the place lived in the cottage, long fallen to ruin, where you see the old cellar full of burdock and thistles in the great east lot."

"Well?" cried Bell, as the old man paused and rested his head thoughtfully on his hand.

"One night the doctor and his wife were sitting just as we are here to-night; only that the lady was knitting good, warm stockings, as these ladies are not, when Squire Carter, the representative of this town to the General Court then in session in Boston, came in as for an evening's chat. But very soon it seemed that he had another errand. He said a lady had just come to his house apparently in great trouble. She said she had been turned out of doors by her parents, and was fleeing to L— an old friend— for shelter. She was in a sad plight; and I believe she has walked from Boston. I know who her father is, but I know nothing of the family trouble. I do not like to appear as harboring her, and came over to ask if you will shelter her till I can let him know about her. She has a little babe in her arms, and is certainly an object of pity."

"The doctor and his wife, while they thought the politician cruelly cautious, consented to receive the poor woman and her child. She never came here; she was taken very ill from the weariness and exposure. The doctor's wife took the baby to oblige her friend; and the parents' hearts were softened so that they sent a close carriage for their daughter, and nursed her till death came and healed the breach between them—so the neighbors said.

"Then the squire, finding the baby in such a warm nest, urged the doctor's wife to keep it, assuring her that he belonged to a family of high respectability whose daughter had disgraced them by a poor marriage; and that money would be forwarded from time to time for its support and education.

"They declined adopting the child, but kept it for the present."

"Weeks and months and years went by, and the present proved a long time. On the boy reaching six or eight years, and having grown to be the idol of the house, the doctor and his wife feared he might be claimed some day, and taken from them. They then offered to make him their own, and declined any farther remittances of money, on condition that the whole story of his birth and parentage were given them; otherwise they chose to make the sacrifice then, and part with him at once. So much did they fear losing him, that they were willing to make almost any terms with his natural (or rather unnatural) relatives.

"One night they signed a paper binding themselves never to reveal the particulars given them, and to give the boy their name and to make him their heir.

"That is the way I came into this house, where I have lived sixty-eight years!"

"Oh mercy, grandpa! Did you never know who your mother was?" asked Bell.

"Never. The squire told me in his last hours—I was a grown man then, and aching and hungering for some knowledge of my kindred—that his wife was under no oath, and after he was gone would tell me all.

"She hesitated and put me off, till her lips were sealed; and I have no idea to-day whom I belong to. The squire always doubted whether my mother really died at that time, and thought she was sent abroad, to be lost to her husband. Many a night in childhood and manhood, and even in old age, have I lain awake imagining the fate of my mother! I have dreamed of her, and prayed for her, and if I reach heaven, dear children, I hope to meet her there. You who have been so tenderly reared, can have very little idea of the hunger of a child's heart for its mother. I had all the kindness I could have asked for, and if this story had never reached my ears, I might have had a happy youth. As it was, I was always restless, longing for something I could not define; and never had real peace till I found it in God and my own dear children."

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, January 13.

Lesson II. 2 Chron. xiv, 1-11.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

ASA FAITHFUL TO HIS GOD.

After a reign of seventeen years Rehoboam died, and his son Abijah succeeded him, B. C. 958. The great event of Abijah's reign, which lasted but three years, was his war with Jeroboam, King of Israel. Two immense armies were arrayed against each other — the army of Judah numbering four hundred thousand men, and that of Israel twice as many; on both sides they were "chosen, mighty men of valour." Before joining battle the King of Judah takes a commanding position upon Mount Ephraim, and makes an appeal to Jeroboam in the name of the house of David and in the name of the true and living God whom Jeroboam and his people had forsaken. He charges Israel with idolatry, for they had "cast out the priests of the Lord," and had made priests for Baal worship. Abijah boasted somewhat too loudly of his orthodoxy, however; for, notwithstanding Judah's "burnt-sacrifices and sweet incense," the shew-bread, the golden candlesticks, and the ordained priests and Levites who waited "upon their business" in the most punctilious way, Judah's soul had lost very much of its soul and life, even though the outer shell of ceremonial had not been torn away as in Jeroboam's realm. Abijah's address seems to have been effectual, nevertheless. His troops were nerve to the highest courage; and in the grapple of the two armies of the divided nation, Judah broke the chain of ambush which Jeroboam had thrown round his foe, and conquered an army of twice its own magnitude; because, says the sacred narrative, "they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers."

## EXPOSITORY.

Asa, the son of Abijah, came to the throne of Judah, about the year 955, and reigned forty-one years, to 914 B. C. He is supposed to have been a grandson of Maachah, who is understood to have been a granddaughter of Absalom. He came to the throne while very young, and his mother — according to some, his grandmother — administered the affairs of government until he attained his majority. The land was quiet for ten years during his reign. The tremendous contest of his father's reign, and the peace established thereby, were a good preparation for the reign of a reformer. Abijah had little religion himself; but he made ready for one who had a higher sense of true piety, and the kingdom was in exactly the condition to receive the impress of the moulding hand of a righteous sovereign. His administration was *good and right*, not in the eyes of courtiers, flatterers, office-seekers and political managers, but in the eyes of God. Integrity, morality, religion governed the ruler. He reigned for righteousness. He felt responsible to Jehovah for the religious life of his people. His political discernment was clear enough to see that except true religion filled the heart of the nation, his sovereignty was most unstable.

He was an "idol-smasher." No toleration for any of the rites or symbols of heathen worship was allowed. There is infinite danger in a compromising attitude towards sin. His father was a compromiser. Compromise was the sin of Jeroboam, which brought a long train of disasters to the kingdom of Israel. The gods, the images, the altars and groves, which had been allowed to have a place by the side of the temple worship, were now abolished by the unspiring hand of Asa. Externalism must be the watchword as good men move against crime of all sorts. Christ cleansing His temple, scourge in hand, is the Exemplar. Not only from Jerusalem, the chief city of the kingdom, but out of all the cities of Judah, he swept the symbols of paganism. He issued his royal edict to the people, that they should return to Jehovah, for He was their God, and the God of their fathers. Abijah had appealed to Jehovah in the hour of battle, and gained a great victory. Asa now felt no less a dependence upon His kingdom than upon His own. Help us, O Lord, our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this army."

God heard the king's prayer, and gave him the victory.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

*"Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power."* 2 Chron. xiv, 2.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Who was the second king of Judah?

2. How long did he reign?

3. Who was the third king?

4. What does the Bible tell us of King Asa?

5. What good thing did Asa do?

6. How long was there peace in the land?

7. How did King Asa prepare for war?

8. Who came to fight against Judah?

9. How large was his army?

10. What did Asa do before he went into battle?

11. Repeat his prayer.

12. How did God answer his prayer?

13. What does God say to all His children?

Ans. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Ps. 1, 15.

## WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.

God can deliver us all, young and old, from every trouble.

## "TELL JESUS."

Little ones are often sorry

For the naughty things they do;

Troubles reach tall, and worry

Little hearts and big ones, too.

Tell Jesus!

That's the best thing we can do.

We will tell it all to Jesus,

All our wants and all our woes;

With the best things we can do.

to his heart's content, until the volume is in, as presenting the personal record of the personal chief apostles. We knew all in his last years. He devoted to secular business all energy, of conviction of intellect, and confidence. He spoke out against slavery, and, with the Fugitive Slave Law, rendered a more reverent the denomination will the monument Dr. Adin's in the memory of one of

& Co. have published an that happy little volume at, once, its author's THE SUMMER. It is now 299 pp., and is finely set up. Hoplin. It opens the umbrella scene, graphically and with great detail, the life and works. The volume is fully prepared for the new series of bibles.

The history of the of the Roman Empire, in all variety, and content of a claim upon our gratitude for the full and has written, depletes his the nature and influence

to bed, to bed, says sleepy head."

Yeole Yawco Strauss is the first venture of Charles Follen Adams, but won't be his last. For side-splitting mirth and humor it is worthy of high rank. So are the illustrations, which are admirable. What a gift that would be to a true American humorist magazine! Baby Ballads, collected by George M. Bravery, is a more ambitious book. It has some of the choicest ballads that illustrate self-forgetful courage, with forty full-page illustrations to accompany the illustrations poems. The first "The Curfew Shall not Ring Tonight" is well bejeweled. The girl looks worthy of her love, holding by hands to the iron of the bell as she is swung far out over the empty space, terrified as to the eyes, but not in wrist or heart. Herve Boel, the best ballad of this generation, is well drawn. Othello and Desdemona is a fine picture, too fine for some crude Americans who fancy they know more of nature than Shakespeare. Sir Galahad, King Canute, King Cepheus, Excisor, John Maraud, and many others are fittingly collected and adorned. No braver book for boy or girl in all this year's issues. You'll not go amiss if you put this on your memorandum, for birthday or Christmas.

The three sacred gifts of the season are, "Nearer my God to Thee" "Abide with Me" (Lee and Shepard), and "Ninety and Nine" (Lothrop and Co.). The first has a verse which every hymn-book should insert. Our Unitarian friends have always claimed this as one of their hymns. Will they add the last verse to their version? It is found in the English hymnology: —

#### HOLIDAYS AT THE BOOKSTORES.

The best thing about the holidays is the issuing of gift books. Were it not for these festivals, these ornaments would rarely appear. As the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables blossom into a richness of white the rest of the year gives no token, so the holiday book-counters show a splendor of which the previous plainness gives no prophecy. For all ages of the man — from babyhood to gray hairs — glow the unwonted fires. Though a little late for the Christmas-tide, we are still noteworthy for the Twelfth Night, and the birthdays which happen all the year.

Among those that have rejoiced expectant eyes, to begin with the beginners, is Lee and Shepard's *repertoire* for youth and children: *Evie's Fables*, *Ballads of Bravery*, *Leidle Yawco Strauss*, and *Baby Ballads*, and *Mother Goose in Silhouette*. *Evop* and *Madame Goose* combine novelty of picture, and familiarity of setting. Never has *Evop* been more deliciously served up. The animals in these fine pictures are men indeed. We are not surprised at their talking. They cannot help it. For humor, and wit, even the tallest for lecturing his tall-tallish brothers, is unsurpassed. So are the two frogs "who would a-wooing go," the countryman and snake, the telescope turned by wild animals to the high mountain, and, evidently, from whose nest, tiny speck of a mouse is creeping. There is no book for wisdom and fun that excels *Evop*. Twenty-five hundred years have taught men of all ages, from five to five-score, and "age does not wither nor en-tame stale his infinite variety." This edition is by far the best. Mother Goose is in silhouette, and silly and charming as ever. These black imp's make her fun more furious. Perfect for satire are some of them.

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Where Thou dost shone,  
Joint-heir we make me  
Of the Divinity.  
In Thee our soul shall be  
Nearer my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!"

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ZION'S  
HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1878.

Our last issue went out with Christmas; the present goes forth with the coming of the New Year. Nothing is more consoling, in the regretful emotions attending a review of the year with its many unfulfilled promises, than the fresh reminder of God's great gift to the world of an Advocate, a Mediator and a Saviour, which Christmas brings. Trusting in His professed pardon, made tender by a new appreciation of His infinite love, and moved to a hearty consecration of our being to His service, we are best prepared to enter upon the new year. "Unless Thy presence go with us, let us not go down hence!" How silent and solemn the veiled future looks to us as we turn our eyes out upon the coming months! What will the year bring forth? With what a shudder should we ask the question, if our future were merely the resultant of blind forces, or exposed, unguided and unguarded, to all the possibilities of the unintelligent elements among which we move! "If God be for us, who can be against us?" There is no evil that can happen to us that can destroy our peace, if we are in harmony with our Heavenly Father. He is better than anything that can possibly be removed from us, and an ample defense against anything that might fall upon us. Let us, then, step out into the advancing days, fearing no evil, even though we walk through the valley and shadow of death. Both His rod and His staff shall comfort us.

The year opens anxiously. Our political firmament is clouded. There are many uncomfortable and threatening signs of the times, which thoughtful men are watching with much solicitude. The normal condition of trade has not yet been reached. Frauds and failures still forbid the rapid growth of confidence, and keep a constant paralysis upon all the larger lines of business. Dissatisfied labor clamors against capital; and capital cries out against dishonesty and uncertainty. A fresh element of distrust is awakened by the passionate movement in Congress for a depreciated currency, in the interest of debtors against national and individual creditors. The adjustment of the country to a government again by those who, a few years since, sought its dismemberment, and have still many open wounds to be healed by public funds and patronage, with the interests at stake of millions of ignorant and weak men just emerged from slavery; the sharp strife already awakened in Washington; the question of Chinese emigration; the personal relations of the present administration to the party of which it is nominally the head — altogether afford serious apprehensions enough to make the Week of Prayer one of deep and earnest moment, and to call out the humblest and sincerest petitions from all Christian disciples for the divine intervention. Then the outlook over the seas is far from assuring. The great war is still in progress. The snows of winter do not quench its flow of blood, or the fierce fires of national passions. The breadth and significance of it are now more apparent. The great nations are quietly but actively arming. The map of Europe is to be changed, and the great crowned engineers, with their advisers, are already marking their charts. Many thoughtful men see the ominous signs of a general European war. It does not seem so imminent to us; but we must admit the possibility of it. England is thoroughly disturbed, with her eyes ever on India, and her hand resting heavily upon Egypt. France is in a condition of civil unrest. Germany has her own plans of extending her empire, and a possible secret understanding with Russia; Greece is all ready to declare war, and Austria sleeps on her weapons. Is it not an hour to pray to the Prince of Peace, that He will rise up amid these contending nations and spread His hands over them, and heal the storms of wrath and death as He did the tempestuous waters of Galilee?

Begin at once the work of the year. Many things are not done, simply because they are not begun. You may waste the whole year in getting ready, as many people have done before you, and as you have done in previous years. There are those who let life glide away while they are getting ready to do something. With magnificent enterprises, they never get out of port. The record of unaccomplished, and even of unbegun, works makes a long chapter in most lives, and almost the entire volume of some. They would have done excellently, if only they had been early pushed out to sea. To some it has been good fortune, although at the time not thus esteemed, to have been pitched overboard, for they were obliged at once to swim.

Some people are like eagles, which rise easily and sail high; others remind us of the bobolink, ever attempting to fly, but never ready to drop from "swinging brier or weed." Napoleon conquered his enemies before they began to organize. The unready is always the unsuccessful. Dispatch ends the business before caution draws his boots on.

Your success for the year will depend, in a considerable degree, on the plan you form at the beginning. A planless life is foreordained to be a failure. Such a life is like a ship drifting at sea without pilot or rudder, the sport of the winds and waves, and in hourly danger of wreck. You were not destined for such a fate. In your creation the Lord gave a chart and pilot, and designed that they should continue with you to the end of the voyage. You should no more think of going through life without a plan, than the architect should begin to build a palace without rule. To form a plan is to take the initiative of success; to form a good one is to make that success almost certain.

A bad plan is almost as dangerous as none at all. If your charts are in error, your bark will be most sure to get upon the breakers. Your plan should be made in the light of your nature, your destiny and the divine Revelation. A plan very suitable to an irrational brute would be no plan for you — a being made in the image of God and destined to an immortal life.

In nearly every instance where the Week of Prayer, last year, was honored, a revival followed. It is not necessary to enter elaborately into the consideration of all the subjects which have been set forth, as published in our paper a few weeks since. The original idea of the service was that of one united volume of prayer for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and for the revival of religion in home and foreign lands. This covers everything — national and universal blessings, temporal and spiritual mercies, the interests of the Church and the world, the old and young, ministers, teachers and gospel workers. Let every Church set the week apart, either in united or local services. And may the windows of heaven be opened with divine showers upon the whole field!

In opening a new year, the Christian, like the thrifty merchant, should take an account of stock, to ascertain, so far as possible, just where he stands. Our moral nature, our whole course of conduct, needs to be scrutinized in the light of reason and of the Word of God. We need to ascertain our exact position, the progress we have made, the losses sustained and the causes which have produced them, and the line of effort which has been most gainful. By such a careful survey, we may be able to profit not only by our past successes, but sometimes even more by our failures. The future is to be gauged and aided by the past.

In entering on the duties of another year, you are not able to leave the old one entirely behind. The past and the future are not separate sections of life; the doings of the former enter as accumulated capital into the latter. The good or ill of the dying year forms a force which is likely to give shape and direction to your future being. The impulse of life comes not only from within but from without; not alone from the present past, but a wave sweeps down from the distant past.

If you would have a good year, set God and duty always before you. Seek out and live for the highest end of man. Be not content with your merely earthly relations; strive to feel that you are bound to the throne of God by the most sacred and indissoluble ties. You can be ennobled only by placing your affections on the highest object, and devoting the energies of life to a Being who deserves all, and who alone can become to you the source of everlasting blessedness.

The year on which you now enter can be made glorious only by hard, faithful, persistent work. We live in a work-day world. Nothing goes of itself. No one can safely trust to fortune. If you confide in a good Providence, as you certainly ought, be sure, as Cromwell advised, to "keep your powder dry."

## CANON FARRAR ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

Dr. Frederick W. Farrar, a lately-appointed Canon of Westminster Abbey, and author of a very rhetorical and charming Life of Christ, which has enjoyed a not undeserved but remarkable popularity, but has also been subjected to very severe and not unfounded criticism, has recently "freed his mind" upon some of the terms of the New Testament relating to the future punishment of the impenitent. It is his opinion, that the words "hell," "damnation" and "everlasting" should stand no longer in the English Bible; and freely intimates to the great college of learned scholars now engaged in the preparation of a new version of the Scriptures, that they will fail of their duty, if these words are permitted to remain in the revised translation which they expect to issue. All this Canon Farrar quite solemnly utters, within the venerable walls of the ancient Abbey, and within hearing distance of the famous "Jerusalem chamber" whence two hundred and sixty-seven years ago, the present "King James'" version of the Bible was issued, and where the revision is now going on. And what of it? He declares no new opinion, that humble minds need to be seriously disturbed by it. His abrupt words are but the long-since-announced sentiments of John Frederick Denison Maurice, of Charles Kingsley, of George Macdonald, of John Service, and of the "Broad Church" generally, whether of the Church of England, of Scotland, Independents, or of the American sects; but their interpretations of New Testament words and symbols, and their inferences from the narrowest possible Scriptural premises, have not produced any very profound impression upon the great body of Christian expositors.

Should the disagreeable words, which are so offensive to the aesthetic and moral sensibilities of Canon Farrar, be "revised," who will then be able to authoritatively to declare all the unexpounded contents of these more select expressions. Suppose we substitute "condemn" for "damn," "age-long" for "everlasting," "hades" or "Gehenna" for "hell," then what have we gained? What is the significance of the divine condemnation to which our own conscience bears testimony — that unyielding worm of remorse that bites like a serpent? Suppose we say future punishment will be "age-long," or "above and beyond time." The same term is used to describe the duration of the bliss of the redeemed; is heaven also to be limited? And what does it matter what name we apply to hell, if it be a scene

of "age-long" and inconceivable mental anguish?

Some of the secular editors catch at this dogmatic utterance from the lips of a conspicuous divine as if it were quite an authoritative declaration that there is no future retribution for unpardonable sin that a respectable citizen of this republic has any occasion to fear. The fact is announced with a flourish of rhetoric like that attending the discovery of a new star, or a new generalization in physical science. In many instances fresh volume is given to it, in the secular press, by a quotation from a remarkable sermon of Henry Ward Beecher, lately preached (if any one utterance of Mr. Beecher can be considered remarkable as distinguished from another), in which — in sentences, some of which, if we uttered them, would afflict our conscience with a sense of having reached the verge of blasphemy — he declares that, "if God be behind this world, sweeping its inhabitants like dead flies into hell." He is a "devil worse than any medieval devil ever imagined." And he swears "by the Lord Jesus Christ" that he won't believe in such a God, and don't wish to go to the kind of heaven where there is such a demoniac head! Who, in this nineteenth century, believes and preaches such a doctrine of God as this which Mr. Beecher seeks to overthrow? And what occasion is there for such extravagant, uncalled-for, and sacrilegious utterances from the pulpit? Such unqualified harangues carry the false impression upon their face, that all evangelical ministers holding to the present received "substance of doctrine" as to "last things," believe and teach that God voluntarily sends men to hell for their sins of ignorance, as well as for their voluntary disobedience. They lead the crowds of eager and thoughtless hearers, and readers of newspaper reports, to believe that these ordained students and preachers of the Word hold that God's ideas of righteousness and justice are in absolute accordance with our own; that the Bible is to be interpreted by the human heart, and not by cool reason and intelligence; that God is simply the great All-Father, infinitely more lenient and tender towards our sins than we can be towards the frailties of our children; and that, therefore, we need not fear, whatever our life has been, to launch out into eternity, buoyed up by a cheerful sense of the Divine compassion.

This is the natural, and the actual practical, inference drawn by the multitude from such pulpit and printed utterances. Men come to think God is altogether such an one as themselves. Sin loses its crimson and indelible hue. They pity their own sad lot and infirmities, and "console themselves with the assuring thought, that the Christmas prayer, 'God pity us all,' will meet all the ends of divine justice, render unnecessary the sublime and expensive system of divine mediation, and bear the soul, at death, into a pure and happy eternal state.

Of course Canon Farrar means no such thing. He believes in a fearful retribution to sin — in an "age-long" hell. Universal writers rejoice over such a pronunciamento as that of Dr. Farrar, and affirm that the whole Christian Church is rapidly coming to their position. The Universalists themselves, however, have modified their views as to the retribution of sin, and approached orthodoxy in reference to future punishment much more rapidly and generally than the evangelicals. The Moslem body has been drawn towards their sentiments. Within a quarter of a century pure Universalism has faded out, and, in its place, all that has organic and vital life within the denomination has become restorative. A Universalist minister is related to have propounded an open blasphemer, who believed hell had been utterly exploded; assuring him that he would do well to bestir himself and repent, or the difference between the hell he would experience, and the orthodox hell, would be so limited that his recklessness would not justify his reckless disregard for it. All that these sincere and thoughtful, but, as we think, unwise, teachers affirm, is, that future punishment, while inconceivably intense, will be like the Catholic purgatory, purifying; and that, at the end of the ages (who can imagine how long that will be?) the lost soul will be recovered; Christ will finally conquer and consummate the salvation of every creature, and the whole intelligent universe will be redeemed to its God.

The Judge of all flesh will do right. Our glimpse into the life to come are limited. On these grave themes we are solely dependent upon the light of Revelation. We may be assured that God would not leave so serious a matter to the chance of error in the interpretation of a few words. As the Bible is given to men and not to scholars, its vital truths are calmly and clearly stated, in the use of natural symbols. We think no average reader could pursue the New Testament, accepting it as most natural signification, without being solemnly impressed with the truth that he hope, after death, is offered to the oppressed, who flee to it in greater numbers than in any other part of India.

In matters of the right of the believers in Islam in southern India are very loose. Their religion is a mixture of the teachings of the Koran and the sacred writings of the Hindus. In all India one can find Moslems beside Hindus worshipping the same god, but each group giving it a separate name. Ablutions and prayers are but irregularly performed, and in marriage ceremonies and all family festivals the Hindu customs are followed much more at least, of ordinary prosperity to put it back in the position in which it was before this crisis came upon us.

Read the appeal to the Maine preachers and members, in behalf of Brother Sander-son, on page 5.

## THE MOSLEMS OF RUSSIA AND BRITISH INDIA.

Russia in extent is the largest of the Christian powers, and for many months it has been in bitter conflict with the greatest of the Mohammedan commonwealths, and thus, in one sense, in conflict with itself. With intense interest the world has watched this great duel, not so much to know who would come off conqueror, as to learn how England would comport herself in case matters should come to a crisis; because among all the Christian States it is England and Russia that count the most Mohammedan subjects in their domains, and therefore it is quite important to know how the two States stand towards their own subjects of the Moslem faith; for it will be seen that any sword that either may draw can easily become two-edged — a fact that has much to do with the vacillating course of England in this matter.

Russia counts no less than eight millions of Moslem subjects, of whom about three millions are in European Russia, and the remainder in Asia. In the steppes of central Asia they number seventy per cent. of the population; in Turkestan ninety, and in the Caucasus ninety-three per cent. And nearly all these are followers of the prophet, and acknowledge the Sultan of Constantinople as the great head of the Moslem faith.

Now Russia treats her newly-acquired Mohammedan subjects in Central Asia with a great deal of care,

regarding the Sultan of Turkey as their religious chief, there being but few of the dissenting sects. Now nothing strengthens the power of England in India more than the fact that she is understood by these Moslems to be the protector of the successor of Mohammed and the defender of the faith. According to the teachings of the Koran, these Moslems must regard England as a conqueror and the English as tyrants; but practically the English government has less trouble with the Mohammedans than the Hindus, and needs nowhere to maintain a military garrison to keep them quiet, and the number of them in the various prisons is comparatively small.

As a rule, therefore, they are a peaceful portion of the community, and give the government no great amount of trouble. In the present Russo-Turkish war, the Mohammedan population throughout all British-India has been very loyal; and among the lower classes, especially, there was much interest shown in the progress of the strife — the stratum having hitherto been quite indifferent to foreign matters. The various addresses to Victoria, Empress of India, begging her to sanction no policy that would lead to the dismemberment of Turkey, proceeded mostly from the great cities; and the wealthy Moslems in these centres have contributed largely to the funds for the care of the sick and wounded in Turkish hospitals — a movement with which of late the Moslem population has largely sympathized, giving weekly contributions, though it were but a few pennies. It is clear that the Islamic population of India will be true to the English government so long as it protects the Turks from English aggression; but it is not so clear that they will be quiet under the defeat that Turkey has received at the hands of Russia, unless England puts forth a hand to protect them. And Russia will find it no small matter to reconcile her Moslem subjects in case she proceeds with too much rigor to humiliate her fallen foe. In short, the Mohammedan populations of both Russia and India will be likely to act as a factor in the conduct of both Russia and England in the settlement of this present strife.

## LETTER FROM CANADA.

There is an English saying, that "a green Christmas makes a fat church-yard." If this aphorism is as applicable to Canada as it is supposed to be to England, there is a dark prospect before us in this country. We are now within three days of the anniversary of the Nativity, and yet instead of having an ice bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, as usual at this season, there is not the slightest obstruction to navigation. There is, doubtless, snow in the unsettled parts of the country, but in the valley of the St. Lawrence there is not a speck to be seen. Business, which is usually done at this time of the year on runners, is being done this season upon wheels, and instead of the jingling of merry bells, our ears have to accustom themselves to the rumbling of carts. To some of us, who have not spent the whole of our lives in this region, this occasions but little regret — our thinner blood shrinks from the nipping cold of a genuine Canadian winter — but our real Lower Canadian, to the manner born, glories in the stern and rigorous grandeur of his winter, and is impatient of whatever impairs its splendor. Instead of halting with satisfaction the open weather, he sighs for the frost and the snow.

The reason of this, at least in part, will be easily understood by one who is familiar with a forest country like this. Much of the winter work here is done in the woods; and this kind of work can only be done with difficulty without a considerable quantity of snow. In the absence of this essential preparation, the lumbering operations are necessarily at a standstill. It is impossible to get about in the forest, especially to remove timber, without snow; and hence, in ordinary seasons, the late setting in of winter is regarded as a calamity.

Or another account of the mild winter is not only regarded as tolerable, but as a positive boon and blessing. There can be little doubt that it has already prevented a large amount of suffering among the poor. Heretofore the abject and suffering poor have been scarcely known among us. The poor house has had no existence in this country, simply because there was no necessity for anything of the kind. If we have had but few people very rich, we have had very few miserably poor. Of course aged and unfortunate people are found everywhere; and in a few instances our municipal bodies have granted help to such. We have also, so-called, Houses of Industry, supported chiefly by private benefactions in our cities; but the inmates have been comparatively few. The last three years, however, have been exceptionally hard years in Canada. The storm which has swept over the United States has beat upon us with equal severity, and its effects are still painfully felt.

A merciful Providence has, indeed, given us an abundant harvest, for which we are greatly thankful, and for which we have had enough, and to spare. But the commerce of the country is in a state of very great depression; manufactures have almost ceased, and, as the result, we have large numbers without employment. Montreal, though it has long had the reputation of being commercially the most substantial city of its size on this continent — perhaps in the world — has suffered to such an extent during the last couple of years, that it will require seven years, at least, of ordinary prosperity to put it back in the position in which it was before this crisis came upon us.

W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

It were not to be expected that this state of commercial depression should exist in the country without affecting, to some extent, the resources of the Church for carrying on her great evangelistic work. Our missionary income has suffered, though not to the extent that might have been expected in the circumstances. The actual deficiency of the year, ending in June last, as compared with the previous year, was between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars; but reference to the missionary report will show that the greater part of this deficiency occurred in the department of "legacies," "donations on annuity," and other irregular sources of income.

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Richard A. Proctor, Prof. Owen and others (Studies in Science), Francis Power Cobbe, Alfred Russel Wallace, Prof. J. C. Blackie, Edward A. Freeman, Matthew Arnold, J. Leslie Stephen, John Ruskin, and other eminent writers. In the department of fiction the best foreign authors will be represented in serial and short stories. The publication of a new story by William Black is to be begun in January, from advance sheets, and other attractions will follow. The beginning of a new volume is a favorable time for new subscriptions, and the publishers still present to new subscribers for 1878 the last seven numbers of 1877, which contain the first instalments of a fine new German serial, translated by Miss Thackeray, and the usual large amount of other valuable matter. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than three thousand pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Little & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

Miss Frances E. Willard has been spending a few days in this vicinity, and will remain for two or three weeks to come, to fill engagements. Her address is at Mr. Silas Pearce, Jr., 434 Columbus Ave., Boston. During the winter she is to be occupied in services in behalf of the temperance reform, and in Gospel meetings at the West. Her visit to the East was largely to give significant expression to the close of a painful misunderstanding between herself and Mrs. Livermore. These ladies have for years been the warmest friends, and the temporary misapprehension was very painful to both. Full and satisfactory explanation has been made. The two ladies, both without peers in their special departments, spoke on the same platform, at a temperance meeting held at the Congregational church in Malden, on Christmas evening. Not a shadow of distrust as to each other's confidence now lingers in the mind of either of these able and devoted women. Miss Willard has heretofore labored in connection with Mr. Moody, but finds her views especially of the temperance reform, and of woman's relation to it and to Gospel work, different from those of the great evangelist, and she does not hesitate as to her duty in entering, by herself, upon the present flourishing work, and the untrammeled service of the Lord. We trust her labors will long be the inheritance of the Church.

As I write from the Montreal Conference, it may not, however, be inappropriate for me to say a few words about the giving of our people here. It must not, however, be forgotten that this is largely a missionary Conference. Out of the one hundred and sixty-nine stations and circuits within its bounds, nearly one hundred are missions. Two of these are German missions, and twelve are missions to the French and Indians; the rest are what we call domestic missions — missions in new and destitute settlements and to small Protestant communities in the midst of the masses of Romanists who form the bulk of the population in the province of Quebec. Many of these people make sacrifices to support the Gospel among them, of which most people, in more highly favored communities, can form no conception. And yet the twenty thousand members in this Conference, scattered over the whole of the province of Quebec and a part of Ontario, placed in the most disadvantageous and discouraging circumstances, contributed last year — a year of extraordinary commercial depression — over and above all that they gave for the support of their own ministers, and for the sustenance of every department of the work on their own circuits and stations, for missions, \$29,156.84. The same year they gave to the Contingent Fund, \$1,586.19; to the Educational Society, an institution which is in its infancy, but which is extending a helping hand to eight or nine different schools and colleges, \$1,803.70; and to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, \$4,032.50.

No doubt these figures appear small to you when compared with the sums contributed by your wealthy Conferences; but when all the facts are taken into the account, especially that our people, in the province of Quebec particularly, are a "minished few" in the midst of multitudes of a different and hostile creed, you will probably agree with me that they are sufficient to entitle them to a place in the front rank of the most loyal and liberal supporters of the institutions of the Church. But with all their liberality, the demands of the work here are not yet fully met. Our educational institutions are sorely in need of financial aid. The Wesleyan Theological College in Montreal bears heavily upon individual friends, for want of ample endowments; and we have a college for the education of both sexes at Stanstead, which is sorely in need of funds. We are at the time, a president of a college at Stanstead, which is sorely in need of funds. I may take occasion to say

*Littell's Living Age* for the week ending to the recent establishment of periodicals abroad — notably the *Century* in England — ananeous improvement of the author, and will be appreciated by legal students as a valuable and useful manual upon its important subject.

Dr. Appleton & Co. supplement their new edition of the American Encyclopedia by an annual volume of the same size, embodying the important events of the year, the discoveries in the sciences, the various important inventions, the leading political events, and the various social, civil and religious lines of national and foreign statistics, with the necrology of the year. The first volume of the new series bears the significant date of 1876, and will be a good volume for comparison with the one which was issued at the end of the second century of our history. This volume is illustrated with line-engravings of President Hayes, and of the disappointed candidate, Mr. Tilden, with numerous maps and illustrations. It is invaluable as a volume for reference, and forms a necessary and admirable supplement to the original work, keeping it always abreast of the progress of civilization. It makes an octavo of 830 pages, and has a full index.

The letter of Rev. Samuel Cutler, upon retiring from the Protestant Episcopal Church, has attracted much attention and sympathy from the low-churchmen in that body. He has already united himself with the Reformed Episcopal Church, and holds regular Sabbath services, with a morning congregation of sixty. In the *Reformed Episcopal Recorder* of Dec. 26, he meets, with excellent temper, and with decisive logic, the charge that his movement is schismatic. He shows that the schism against which the apostle warns his readers, were within and not without the Church; and that those who drive men out of the Church, as Wesley and his societies were forced from its ordinances and opportunities, are the real schismatics, and not the suffering ones who are compelled to leave the body from conscientious convictions. There is no more faithful or devout clergyman in the State than Mr. Cutler. We trust his ministry will be abundantly prospered and be a great blessing to the city.

Willard has been spending his vicinity, and will return weeks to come, to fill his address is at Mr. Silas Columbus Ave., Boston. He is to be occupied in the temperance reform, meetings at the West. Her was largely to give signal to the close of a painful year.

— Mrs. Cutler has for years been a friend, and the temptation was very painful to satisfactory explanation

The two ladies, both with special departments, spoke at a temperance meeting in the Congregational church on Christmas evening. Not a word was said in either's favor, and on the mind of either of the two ladies for years have for

— Dr. Prime, now in Europe, gives, in a letter to the *Observer*, a very interesting and encouraging account of the progress of Protestantism in Italy. On the 4th of December last, there was a notable gathering of Protestant clergymen in Rome to receive a delegation from the British Evangelical Alliance. Waldenses, the Free Church of Italy, American and British Methodists, Baptists, Plymouth Brethren, and members of the Italian Parliament were present. Rev. William Arthur, D. D., of the Wesleyan Church, spoke in Italian with remarkable eloquence, contrasting his early experience as to Protestant movements in Rome with the present flourishing condition of the work, and the untrammelled field before them. Our Dr. Vernon took an active part in the services of this remarkable occasion. Like Paul, on the shore of Italy, they thanked God and took courage.

— In these days, when the confidence of policy-makers is but so often shaken in the reliability of life insurance companies, it is gratifying to place before our readers a statement of the affairs of the New York Life Insurance Company, that should command the confidence of the insured and the public. It is not prepared by those who are interested in the assets of the company, but by the State superintendent, after a careful investigation of the same. The correctness and business-like manner in which the investments of the company are given, contrast very favorably with many statements which are vouchcd for by interested parties, and so mystified that it is difficult, if not in fact impossible, to comprehend them. We commend the result of the examination of the New York Life Insurance Company to our readers who are interested in life insurance. See their advertisement in another column.

— The older members of the Church in Nantucket, as well as many friends in other places, will hear with regret of the death of John Fiske; "The Art of Position;" Dion Boucicault; "J. Randolph Tucker; "Aristocracy," W. E. H. Fiske; "The War of the Civil War," Taylor; "The Origin of Language," W. W. Story; and "Myenos;" Bayard of Kars and Fall of G. B. McClellan; "Curse and Silver Bell;" "Manton of Woolsey's Political Myths and Marvels of His Life and Works of New Ireland;" Bowditch, from Descartes to Hartmann; Avery's Ures in Prose and Verse;" Money and Legal Tender in "Victor Hugo's "Histoire du Peuple," "House Beautiful," book of Gold and other Poets;" "Upper Egypt, and Tropic and Tropic."

— Dr. Townsend delivered a very eloquent address before the Preachers' Meeting last Monday, on the fate of republics. His passage for the future are not hopeful, but his words of counsel are eminently wholesome. The lecture should be widely heard.

— The treasurers of the Canada Methodist Missionary Society publish a caution concerning certain spurious bills of exchange drawn on them, one of which has been negotiated. Look out for them.

— There will be a New Year's love-feast at the Preachers' Meeting next Monday. The public are invited.

SECRETARY.

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